



The Ox in the slaughter house moans
 The Dog at the winery door
 And he weeps, & he calls it Pity
 And his tears flow down on the wind
 Cold he wanders on high, over
 their cities
 In weeping & pain & woe
 And where ever he wanders in sorrows
 Upon the aged heavens
 Cold shadows follow behind him
 Like a spiders web, most cold & dim
 Drawing out from his sorrowing soul
 The dunghill like heaven dividing
 Where ever the footsteps of Urizen
 Walk'd over the cities in sorrow
 Till a Web dark & cold, throughout all
 The torment'd element stretch'd
 From the sorrows of Urizens soul
 And the Web is a Loom in embryo
 None could break the Web, no wings
 of fire
 So twisted the cords, & so knotted
 The meshes, twisted like to the
 human brain
 And all call'd it, The Net of Reli-

Chap: IX
 Then the Inhabitants of these Cities
 Felt their Nerves change into Marrow
 And hardening Bones began
 In swift diseases, and torments
 In shakings & shoddings & grindings
 Thro all the coasts; all weaken'd
 The Senses inward rush'd shrinking
 Beneath the dark net of infection
 Till the shrunken eyes clouded over
 Discord not the woven hypocrisy
 But the streaky shine in their heavens
 Brought together by narrowing perceptions
 Appeard transparent air; for their eyes
 Grew small like the eyes of a man
 And in reptile forms shrinking together
 Of seven feet stature they remand
 Six days they shrink up from existence
 And on the seventh day they rested
 And they blest the seventh day, in sick
 hope
 And forgot their eternal life
 And their thirty cities divided
 In form of a human heart
 No more could they rise at will
 In the infinite void, but bound down
 To earth by their narrowing perceptions